In Sickness And In Health

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In Sickness And In Health

by chaoswashere_X

Summary

Hannibal suffers a physical setback with his chronic leg injuries, and Will is proactive in trying to make him better. Hannibal, who chooses to practically ignore this setback in his recovery, has different priorities. He wants to make sure Will is sexually satisfied, even while they're having issues being intimate with this injury in the middle.

Kinktober Day 28: Tentacles

Notes

This is my prompt fill for 'tentacles', but there are no sea monsters, and no long appendages like a tentacle… if you're alright with that, then keep reading and you'll see what I used instead to fill the prompt!

See the end of the work for more notes

The last thing you want when you're on the run, is a physical setback. It happened practically overnight, and the cause is unknown to the three of them. Will blames the fact that Hannibal has been pushing himself to wean off of his cane too quickly. Chiyoh has no knowledge to confirm or deny these claims, and Hannibal himself decides to not speak on it at all.

He cannot stand, his legs uncooperative to hold the weight of his body. It's like he's gone back years in progress with healing. Hannibal claims that it doesn't hurt, but the struggle on his face any time he tries to stand unassisted by Will or Chiyoh to make it to the restroom says otherwise. Hannibal even agreed to start taking painkillers again, which was shocking to Will after his reaction to opioids when he was recovering from the fall.

Will's anxiety surrounds less around the possibility of this causing their capture, and more around the possibility that this means something has gone terribly wrong in Hannibal's vulnerable healing body. Will is confident in their combined strength to escape capture if that day ever comes… but if Hannibal's own body is working to kill him, that's something that Will can't control.

Will is attentive to giving Hannibal the pain meds that he swears he doesn't need. He wakes the both of them up in the middle of the night for Hannibal to take more opioids. Will even pulls out the folder of physical therapy exercises Hannibal was given after his surgery.

Hannibal makes sure to humor Will in this, working through the sheet like he would expect his own patient to do after a setback with a chronic injury. Will often leaves him to deal with the exercises alone, not wanting to seem like he's overly anxious or impatient with Hannibal's recovery.

But one day, while Hannibal is stretching in the study room, he hears a quiet exclaim of, "What the fuck!" It came from the kitchen, and Hannibal knows that could never be a good sign.

He lifts himself off of the ground using the armchair just beside where he was sitting, then he grasps his cane unsteadily as he takes a step towards standing to full. Will is silent again in the kitchen, but Hannibal can practically feel the tense air when he crosses the threshold.

Will stands contemplating something in his hands, his eyebrows furrowed into a deep crease. He feels Hannibal's presence next to him, and turns to explain.

"This was addressed to us, so I opened it. Someone must've put in our address by accident when they ordered online." Will slips the item back into the box it came in, and shoves it over towards where Hannibal is leaning against the counter for support.

Hannibal doesn't need to look in the package, he knows what it is. He is assertive when he explains, "That's for you."

Will blinks at him for a moment, almost baffled. "I have you, I don't need that." Then, he adds, "Go back to bed, you shouldn't be standing."

Hannibal nearly chuckles, “That’s why this package is for you. I cannot stand, much less service your sexual desires fully.”

“You know I don’t mind. Anything you’ll give me is enough. I don’t need a weird silicone tentacle toy to satisfy me.” Will huffs, getting frustrated defending himself already.

“I give you this, mylimasis.” Hannibal challenges, “If you do not want to use the toy, then we can discard it.”

Will drags the package back towards himself and takes the grinding toy out of the box again. After a beat of silence, Hannibal speaks softly, “You’ve never been opposed to using intimate toys in the past, how is this any different?”

Will turns the toy over and notices a small hole in the back, it’s hollow and he sticks his pointer finger inside. It’s snug, and he can’t imagine what the hell such a small hole could be used for.

“This is the first solitary toy you’ve offered.” Will runs his hand over the bumps on the pad. Hannibal watches his fingers closely, how they skip over a few of the ridges when they get left behind. It’s a bold piece, one that leaves a lasting impression in the mind.

“It can be used solitary,” Hannibal agrees, then continues, “But you haven’t finished opening the box.” Will furrows his eyebrows and reaches for the package again.

He pulls it over so he can look inside, and he notices a small bag that hadn’t captured his attention before. He plucks it out and sets down the grinder to open the bag.

Inside are two straps with clips. Will realizes that must be what the little slits in the base of the flat toy are designed to do.

He rubs the material through his thumb and pointer, “You think this will cause you less pain?”

“Certainly, if you can control yourself.” Hannibal explains, shifting so more of his weight is on the counter. He’s basically holding himself up at this point, very little weight on the ground.

They have tried many different positions since Hannibal’s setback, and none of them have been comfortable. The closest to painless they got was with Will penetrating him from behind, laying flat on his stomach. Will had hoped that riding would be a good solution, but the force of his bouncing body against Hannibal’s lower half was too much.

Will looks back down at the toy, imagines how it might feel to use it. He’s never had an inanimate thing to grind against, but he can see the appeal. Especially if the pad is attached to a very much living Hannibal. It’ll be just like grinding against his husband, but with the added sensation of soft, textured silicone.

“Fine. We can try it tonight.” Will huffs, setting the straps back into the box before picking the whole thing up. He holds the package in one hand, and grasps Hannibal’s hip with the

other as he helps hold some of his burdening weight against gravity. Will waits until Hannibal picks up his cane to start moving.

Hannibal tries not to feel shame when Will assists him like this, but it's hard not to feel helpless and exposed when you cannot even make it back to the bedroom without assistance.

They find their way down the hall, and Will helps Hannibal lift his legs into bed, making sure to be gentle. "I'm gonna put supper in the oven and shower quickly. I expect to find you in this bed when I get back."

Will often has to lecture Hannibal about wandering. He is supposed to be on bed rest, but the amount of activity he gets in a day is far too much by Will's standards. He just wants him to lay back and heal.

Hannibal has everything he needs at his bedside, and his sketchbook is growing more than it has had the opportunity to in a very long time. It's full of mostly sketches of Will, sometimes images of architecture that they've visited while moving from place to place.

Hannibal is able to put multiple finishing touches on a picture of Will that he'd started last week. It's of his exposed back laying out relaxed, turned away while he sleeps deeply. His hair is tousled, and Hannibal was able to add in the lovely shadows that made him inclined to choose this scene to depict on paper.

These issues that Hannibal has been having with his legs are an ever constant reminder that he is only human. His body will fail him in time, and when it does, he hopes these images will allow his memories to live on. His palace will someday crumble under the pressure of age, and he will miss it dearly.

For now, he enjoys walking the corridors. He got to know them intimately during his time in prison, and he often likes to revisit in his down moments. Hannibal meets Will in his palace on occasion, his gift of empathy allows him to manifest fully to walk alongside.

Empathy is a two way street.

Hannibal is just signing the finished portrait of Will when he returns, naked all but for the towel around his waist. He smells clean with high quality soaps, but Hannibal has found he much prefers Will's natural scent.

He sets aside his sketchbook, page open, to not smudge the pigment too soon before he can put in a protector. Will pretends not to notice, he's far too observant to miss such a wide open invitation for conversation, but he doesn't bring it up.

"Dinner is almost ready." Will states, and moves over to the closet to find an ideal outfit to wear. He just grabs out the plush robe Hannibal had bought for him, and shucks it over his naked form.

"No point in getting dressed?" Hannibal quirks an eyebrow as he notices his husband's unusual behavior. He adjusts the blanket over his legs, but doesn't make any move to get out of bed.

Will just huffs a laugh and makes his way back out into the house, leaving Hannibal alone again. It's several minutes before he returns with an oven baked dinner. Hannibal insists on not eating in bed, so Will reluctantly helps his husband over towards the small table set that moved in shortly after Hannibal's bed rest began.

The meal is good, one of the best that Will has made, and Hannibal doesn't dare complain. There's nothing to complain about anyways, and they eat in perfect silence. Their portions are just enough to leave them energized and satisfied, without making them overstuffed and sluggish.

Will sweeps away the plates after helping Hannibal back into bed, this time not bothering with the covers. The sound of running water hints at Will doing the dishes leftover from dinner.

It's ten minutes this time before Will returns, and this time it's with the package from before. "I washed the pad in the sink, and I have to ask… what's the hole in the back for?"

"It's designed to hold a small bullet vibrator." Hannibal doesn't bother with fancy word play, he's much too occupied watching Will loop through the straps into the slits in the side. His fisherman hands make quick work, and Will has the straps secure in no time.

Will joins Hannibal on the bed, and he allows Will to attach the pad to his right thigh via the straps over his soft lounging pants. The kiss that follows the sound of the last buckle is gentle and longing. His fingers trace over the soft ridges of the flat tentacles on the grinding pad, exploring with long strokes. The texture of the small circles that resemble the suckers is noteable against his fingertips.

Will leans against the headboard just how Hannibal does, and allows himself to push into the kiss more fully. Will has never been shy with his desires, and now is not when he'll start.

Hannibal's hand drifts up to massage at Will's thigh where he sits, and it begins wandering when the squeezes earn him a short hum. Will reaches for Hannibal's neck and pulls him in, opening his mouth wider in hopes that Hannibal will take a more dominant role in this new experience they're about to share.

Will's hand falters in its movements as the mouth on his steals his breath. Hannibal has his full attention, and his hand against the soft, firm pad is forgotten. Will allows Hannibal to lick into his mouth, and when Hannibal reaches inside his robe, Will doesn't protest.

Hannibal's fingertips are warm against his naval, and the firm pressure applied against his abdomen makes him want to melt into the touch. Will squirms when Hannibal presses his palm flat against his stomach, his wedding band warm and welcoming against his skin. Hannibal picks up his hand and strokes along the long scar adorning Will's abs. It isn't long until Hannibal's hand drifts downwards, down where Will's body is putting on display how much he's been wanting this.

Will nearly groans when Hannibal wraps a firm hand around his dick, stroking gently to allow for more blood to rush down. They're practically panting into each other's mouths, and when they pull back for a moment's breath, they find each other's eyes.

Hannibal's are like black holes, deep and full of lust so overwhelming that Will has to look away. He doesn't doubt that his own pupils appear much the same. He reaches for the tie on his robe and tugs it open. The fabric naturally falls off his shoulders when he climbs over Hannibal to straddle his single leg.

His dick is fully erect thanks to Hannibal's enticing hand that doesn't quit, even when he gets into position to test out this new toy. Will grabs onto Hannibal's shoulders, the soft fabric of his sweater an annoying barrier between them.

He nearly growls to demand it be removed, but Hannibal knows him too well. He's removing it before Will even takes a breath to complain. Hannibal's bare skin is heated, and Will takes his eyes over his chest like he's never seen it before.

Will takes his grip on Hannibal's muscular shoulders again when he's sat back against the headboard once more. Hannibal, though, doesn't touch Will again like he was before.

Hannibal turns his head so he can kiss Will's forearm, a silent encouragement. Will's hips are cautious at first, testing the firm surface of the grinding pad. He's careful not to put too much weight on Hannibal's leg, but experiments with different forces in which he grinds down onto the bumpy tentacles.

Will closes his eyes, focusing on running the entire length of his cock along the textured surface of the toy. He lifts his head to capture Hannibal's lips again, and nearly shivers when that encourages Hannibal's hands to come up to rest on the delicate curve of his ass as he thrusts. Will knows Hannibal can feel the muscles of both his back, and his ass like this.

The ridges of the toy are starting to get slick with pre-come, allowing for a more natural slide over the multiple surfaces on the pad. It feels especially good when the tip of his cock graze the top at the start of each of his grinds.

Hannibal's hands start to knead where they rest, telling Will to keep going. It's multiple minutes until Will's breath starts to speed up, and his thrusts start to deepen into long grinds against the entire surface of the toy.

Will has to hold back a whine when Hannibal's left hand leaves him, but when he opens his eyes, he realizes why its absence is a good thing. Hannibal reaches into his sweatpants, pulling the waistband down with little effort. He squeezes himself through his boxers a few times before pulling them down as well.

He's slow with his strokes, taking his time to squeeze over his hard length, tip to base, and back. Will nearly forgets about himself as he watches his husband's tempting show of stroking himself. "Keep going, mylimasis."

Will realizes that he'd nearly slowed to a stop, and gets back on it. When his tip brushes over on one of his strokes, it sends a shock through his whole body. He digs his nails into Hannibal's shoulder, and pulls down to use him as support for some harder thrusts.

Grinding down onto the pad while watching Hannibal jerk himself slowly has Will's head spinning. His breaths come and go in gasps, his hips yet again fighting to chase sensation.

Will's abs tense like he's about the cum, but he resists coming so early.

Hannibal watches his effort and rewards him with a whispered praise, and a promise that he won't be long. Will nods and ducks his hand to bury his face in Hannibal's neck, kissing and breathing against sensitive skin.

A few of the kisses turn more like sucking bruises, and that makes Hannibal groan. His hand still works at a slow pace, but Will can tell that he's close, even if he's not frantically jerking. Will's grinding is fast, deep, and uncoordinated, but with how firm and textured the pad is, his cock still runs over smoothly.

Hannibal's fingers tighten on Will's ass, reminding him that the hand still rests there. He reaches back to rub two dry fingers against Will's rim, and he gasps at the feeling. Hannibal smirks, but he's quickly silenced when Will's teeth sink into the area between his neck and his shoulder. His mouth opens in a mix of a gasp, a praise, and a groan.

All Will knows, is that it's fucking hot, and that he can practically smell that their approaching orgasms are banging on the door. Hannibal sucks in a breath, and with one more tug, he's coming all over his stomach. Some squirts up onto Will's chest, and he gasps when he feels it.

Will digs deep with his last few grinds, making sure to take the time to go all the way from tip to hilt before pulling back. It's with another exasperated, blissed out praise from Hannibal, that he climaxes. His semen sprays out to coat the toy, and it glistens against the slick surface.

Hannibal peels open his eyes to look down at the mess they made, and Will leans in to kiss him as a distraction. They both smile into the gentle kiss.

This toy works for the both of them, obviously, and Hannibal is just as satisfied that he found a toy that Will can use, as he is with his own orgasm. Buying a grinding pad was a shot in the dark, and he's glad he nailed it.

Will kisses down Hannibal's throat while he climbs out of bed, rising before he can sink into a true post orgasm relaxation. Will is careful not to jostle the cum covered toy when he unclips it from around Hannibal's thigh, and he takes it with him when he heads to the bathroom.

He washes it off with a gentle soap and warm water because he's not quite sure where Hannibal keeps their sex toy cleaner. Will leaves the pad to dry on the counter, and removes the straps from the wet toy.

When he makes himself back to Hannibal, he grabs the water cup they've been using, and his opioids. It's practically routine when Will holds out the water with one hand, and the pills with the other. Hannibal takes them both, and Will leaves him again to grab a damp washcloth.

Hannibal is just downing the pills when Will returns, and he finishes the glass of water while Will cleans off his stomach.

“Was that less or more painless than penetration?” Will asks as he rubs off the last of the semen splattered on Hannibal’s naval.

“They’re much the same.” Hannibal admits, setting down the empty glass on the side table. Will stands to drop the washcloth into the hamper, and he pulls his robe back on while he’s up.

He returns to Hannibal’s side, and cuddles in once his husband lays down to relax. “We’ll just have to take it one day at a time, then. See which we prefer in the long run.”

Hannibal nods and places a kiss to Will's curls. That’s how everything has been lately with Hannibal’s setback, and it tests both of their patience.

One day at a time. One foot in front of the other, moving through the jungles and forests of living.

It’s much easier when there’s someone else there to act as your crutch when you trip.

Will and Hannibal will always be that crutch to each other. In sickness and in health. Til’ death do us part.

End Notes

Here’s the link to the grinding pad that inspired this fic:
https://uncovercreations.com/products/the-tentacle-grinder-iii

I know taking on a grinder pad approach to this prompt might be cheating, but I hope it doesn’t upset anyone!

Let me hear your thoughts on the comments!!!! Kudos are appreciated as always :)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!